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Revelations of Nature.

Original.

PHILOSOPHY OF IMMORTALITY. AN ARGUMENT FROM NATURE.

BY R. P. AMBLER.

PART SECOND.

THE immortality of Man is dependent on the existence of a spiritual nature. It is known that the external body, composed of ever-changing materials, will crumble and dissolve beneath the blight of Time. There is no power in the physical constitution to prevent the inevitable approach of decay and death; and, to judge superficially from the effects which are visible to the outward eye, it might be supposed that the grave is the final-resting place of those from whose forms the vital spark has fled. But when we look beneath the effects of physical dissolution,—when by a process of analogical reasoning, we trace the invisible and interior elements of Nature in their progress towards a perfect organization, and find as an ultimate that this organization constitutes the flower and perfection of the material structure, we may look confidently beyond the change and decay of the body, to recognize a spiritual being which glows with a higher and diviner life.

But is Man possessed of this spiritual nature?—or, in other words, does there exist a living interior organism within the perishable structure of the body? To the mind that can see nothing in Nature but the gross materials of which visible objects are composed, it would be difficult to demonstrate the affirmative of this question, since in these materials can be found no basis for the construction of a spiritual form. Yet, on the other hand, to the mind that can perceive the existence of invisible and spiritual elements in Nature, by the power of which its life and motion are sustained, the ultimate creation of the human spirit will seem natural and necessary; for it must be presumed that these elements are subject to the same universal laws that control outward forms, and if this be true, it follows that a spiritual as well as a material structure must be ultimated in Man. That spiritual elements do constitute the interior portions of the Universe as the basis of all

power, was perhaps sufficiently shown in the primary part of the argument, though numerous other considerations might have been introduced to confirm this fact; but at all events the point will scarcely be contested by any but the most superficial mind, and hence, with the premises thus furnished, we have a legitimate right to accept the conclusion before stated as essentially correct.

From this basis of reasoning established in the outward Universe, let us turn to the human organism itself for the evidence of an indwelling spiritual structure. As there are substances and forces in the domain of Nature which lie beneath the surface of external things, so there is also in the human frame a department of being, which has been unexplored by the doubting minds of the past. That which is already known is but the offspring of that which is unknown—the visible is but an embodiment of that which is invisible, and so, while certain outward effects are seen and acknowledged in the physical body, there must be something concealed, as an interior cause, beneath the robe of materiality with which man is clothed. Indeed it will be generally admitted that there is a guiding and controlling power in the human body which can not be comprehended by the senses. All will concede from necessity the existence of mind, embracing the powers of thought, will, and consciousness, whose manifestations are recognized in the external movements of the body, in the light that beams from the eye, in the words that flow from the lips, and in all the beautiful scintillations of human genius. And when at last the body lies still and prostrate beneath the touch of Death, it is evident that the invisible mind which produced these manifestations, has resigned its throne and ceases to act longer in its material vestment,—which fact simply proves that the outward organism is dependent for its life and motion on the action of an indwelling power.

But the question arises, what is the nature of this power which is not itself visible, but whose effects are clearly apparent? The materialist will answer that this is simply the refined matter of the brain—the most sublimated portion of the physical system. Let this answer be admitted, and the inquiry is then forced upon the mind, on what principle and by what power does this refined matter produce thought, will, and consciousness? These, it should be observed, are not attributes which belong to matter in any of its tangible forms—they are not indeed connected with matter at all, as this is regarded by materialistic minds; for any substance with which we are acquaint-

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ed in the visible world, may be reduced to the finest atoms that could be conceived, without betraying any power of intelligence. If, therefore, the attributes referred to are not inherent in external and tangible matter, then they must be dependent on something which resides *within* the substance of the brain; and if this be true, then there is necessarily a *spirit*, or an internal essence, within the human organization, by whose action all its various movements are produced.

There is an important thought to be introduced in this connection which will serve to confirm the same general idea. A certain degree of assimilation and correspondence must exist between the nature of any substance and the qualities which it manifests. For instance, the mineral does not develop life, because it is not sufficiently refined in its nature to form an assimilation with this quality, and so likewise the vegetable does not in any high degree manifest sensation, for the reason that there is no correspondence between the substances of which it is composed and the quality here mentioned, but we find that the mineral manifests motion, the vegetable life, and the animal sensation, simply because there exists an adaptation between the essences of each and the qualities manifested. Let us now make an application of this reasoning. No form of external matter can of itself possess the powers of thought, will, and consciousness, for the reason that there can exist no assimilation or correspondence between the one and the other; but, in carrying out the principle above stated, it will appear that these sublimated powers of mind must be associated with a corresponding internal or spiritual essence residing in the highest form of matter, with which essence they may hold a natural and suitable relation.

It will not do to affirm that the highest faculties of mind can be associated inherently with the substance of which the brain is composed, because this substance may exist under circumstances where no intelligence is manifested. The body that bears the startling impress of death, may for a certain period remain physically perfect, retaining in the brain the very substance which is regarded by the materialist as the seat and source of intellectual power; and yet in this case no manifestation of mind is witnessed. Now if it be true that the mental faculties exist as inherent qualities of the brain itself, why do these faculties cease to be manifested when the heart no longer beats? It may be answered that it is the action of the brain which produces thought, and that when this action ceases, as in case of death, thought can be no longer produced. But let us go back to the primal cause, and inquire how the brain first came to be set in motion. Did the brain move itself? No,—because this would require an inherent power of motion residing in its own elements, and if such a power existed, its movements would continue, though the pulsations of the heart should cease. Then if the brain did not primarily move itself, it must have been moved by some superior and independent power; and, since no force can exist without substance, this power by which the brain was moved, must be the attribute of an essence which forms the interior of the brain itself, and passes from it in the process of physical dissolution.

We now come to one of the most essential features in this part of our subject. The faculties of mind, it should be particularly noticed, are not merely associated with the most sublimated essence, but are likewise dependent on the perfected organization of this essence. The materialist has judged rightly that mind is the result of organization, and his only mistake has been in supposing that this organization relates to material, instead of spiritual elements. In man is presented the highest and most perfect organization in nature—an organization of interior essences as well as visible materials; and it is for this reason that intelligence is manifested as an ultimate attribute. The use of the physical body is to serve as a clothing for the spiritual form, and in the latter may be seen the end toward which all nature aspires—the seat and throne of mind. This interior organization is necessary to the production of intelligence. The most ethereal substance in being, if it were unorganized, could possess no qualities of an intellectual nature. These qualities result from the most perfect action of the essence to which they belong, and such action can proceed only from the systematic arrangements which are formed in an organic structure. Therefore we may conclude that thought, will,

and consciousness are the qualities of a spiritual essence embodied in a refined organization, which organization is enshrined within the outward body as its living and animating soul. And this conclusion is the only one which can be arrived at from any process of consistent and analytical reasoning. If it is admitted, as it must be from the evidence presented, that the exalted faculties of the human mind are the attributes of a refined essence in an organized form, the inference is inevitable that an internal structure pervades the external man, which may be denominated the spirit, soul, or whatever term may be regarded most appropriate.

The next and last point to be considered in the discussion of the present subject, is the superiority and indestructibility of the spiritual organism. In the elucidation of this point, the great fact of immortality will be made clear. Is there any evidence, then, to prove that the human spirit maintains a superior and independent position with relation to the physical body? To furnish a proper answer to this inquiry, it will be necessary to observe, in the first place, that the spirit acts as the primal and moving cause in producing all the various phenomena that take place in the outward organism. There is no portion of the material body that has any inherent power to move itself; for it may have bones, muscles, nerves, and brain, all placed in perfect and systematic arrangement, and yet it will require a power superior to these to produce motion in the whole. It follows, therefore, that the actuating cause of the physical movement, must not only exist prior to the effect produced, but must also sustain an independent relation to the organism through which its power is manifested. Now an application of magnetism to the dead body will produce a movement of its limbs; and this fact shows that a refined fluid of this nature is required to produce a corresponding movement in the living body. But this is simply the agent and not the cause. In mere magnetism there is no intelligence, and hence we must go back of this to find the primary source of motion in the human structure. And if a substance so refined as that here mentioned is made the agent of physical movements, must not that essence which manifests the faculties of thought, will, and consciousness be inexpressibly more refined?—and must not this essence, in order to manifest such faculties, be necessarily organized in a perfect structure? If this be so, then the unseen entity which is termed the spirit, must be the primary cause of all motion in the outward body; and inasmuch as, at the very origin of physical being, this spirit must first act as a primary cause before the body can be moved, it must not only possess an inherent power of motion, but must also maintain an independent existence. Let this reasoning be clearly understood. The body, from its very nature, must act as it is acted upon by a superior force, since there is no power of motion in the external matter of which it is composed. For instance, when the body is dead, it remains still and motionless. Then we could suppose that the limbs might be moved by the superior force of the magnetic fluid; but this being simply the intermediate agent of motion, we must pass from this to a higher substance which acts as the primary cause, which substance can be found only in the organized spirit; and if the simple agent of physical movements is essentially a power superior to the body, how much more independent must be the position of the living and actuating soul!

From the occurrence of various phenomena connected with the human organism, we derive abundant confirmation of the superiority and independence of the spirit in its relations to the body. The power of interior vision which is now possessed by many individuals, by which scenes and objects may be viewed at a great distance without the aid of the material organs; and the experiences which have been realized in cases of trance in which animation has been almost entirely suspended, and the soul has gone forth to take cognizance of the realities of the Spirit-life—all show conclusively that the interior man is more than clay, and that it may see, and feel, and know, when the powers and even the consciousness of the body are buried in forgetfulness. But what is the grand conclusion to be drawn from this general truth? The conclusion is this: if the spirit, as is proved by obvious principles and actual phenomena, is an independent and self-

moving entity, then it can not be affected by the dissolution of the material form, because it is superior to it, and because its action was essentially prior to the first movement of the body, thus showing a being, force, and energy of its own, which are not dependent on the life or motion of the physical structure. As the body is the ultimate of all material creations, so the spirit is the ultimate of all interior essences; and in the spirit, as the highest point toward which all matter tends, may be seen a perfect entity which is enthroned above all perishable forms and is endowed with an indestructible being, since it fulfills the law of Nature and answers the design of God in creation. Therefore the spirit is immortal from its birth, and so eternal in its nature, rising from the clouds of its lower home to bask in the glory of the Eternal Sun.

"The temples perish, but the God still lives."

PASSIONS OF ANIMALS.

BY R. S. SANFORD.

By attentively observing the habits of the inferior orders of creation, we perceive that all of them which are gifted with the power of progressive motion, are agitated by the same passions that bear alternate sway over the human heart. As it is most essential for the preservation of species, so we find that the instinct of parental affection is not only the strongest, but occupies a more widely extended sphere of influence.

Predatory, or carnivorous animals, must be cruel and bloodthirsty; for the food which their nature craves and their proper development requires, could not be obtained, were they constituted otherwise. This instinct, however, is seldom exercised in mere wantonness. Hunger is, generally, the only stimulant that calls into action their destructive energies. It is said that the Lion never attacks any prey, unless urged by the cravings of appetite; and even the insatiable thirst of blood which the Tiger exhibits, is, doubtless, first excited by hunger. Thus we see there is a limit to this instinct; otherwise there would be an unnecessary and wanton waste of life.

But certain it is that some rapacious animals exhibit an unaccountable propensity to kill more than their necessities demand. Ferrets and weasels will destroy rabbits and vermin without any relation to their own appetites; and the ichneumon of Egypt, carries on a constant war of extermination against the reptiles by which it is surrounded. Wolves, and even dogs, when they get among a flock of sheep, will slay far more than they could possibly devour; and the great-footed hawk of this country, when it assails a flock of pigeons or ducks, will sometimes strike down a considerable number, while it carries off not more, perhaps, than two or three. The carnivorous birds are generally exempt from this charge of wanton destructiveness; and even the shrike notwithstanding the ominous sound of its popular title, the butcher bird, if it kills more than can be eaten at one time, sticks its game on some projecting thorn, where it may be kept until called for.

The next cause to which we may assign the vindictive passions, or injurious instincts of animals, is that of *jealousy*. This is always confined to the males, and is implanted in them for the good of the species, that the weak may be destroyed, and the strong, only, become the fathers of their race. The last exciting cause of the fiercer passions of animals which I shall mention, is that of *self-preservation*; and this is a universal instinct. "The worm will turn when trodden on," is a common adage; and certain it is that this instinct is implanted in animals, otherwise the most gentle and peaceful. The North American bears will seldom attack a traveler who refrains from molesting them, unless urged by extreme hunger; and even the *Ursus ferox*, or grisly bear, will not be the first to attack a man who has courage to look him in the face, unless for the reason named above.

The bee, and the vindictive wasp, itself, will not sting until molested, if no contingent circumstances excite an apprehension of dan-

ger; and even the savage rhinoceros, whose horrible rage and vindictiveness are proverbial, never exerts them except in self-defence; and thus the heroic courage and daring, which, under the same circumstances, would be a subject of eulogy in man, in him are unjustly coupled with these degrading epithets.

The ant-eaters and sloths of South America, are extremely timid animals; but when assailed by a superior force, exhibit a tenacity of grasp, a skill in the use of their claws, and a perfect abandonment to the one exciting instinct, which might give them the reputation of being savage and vindictive. But since all animals, in a higher or lower degree, have been furnished with the means of self-defense, and an instinct which teaches them how to use it to the best advantage against their natural enemies, is it not really unjust that they should be thus branded with malevolence, which more properly belongs to their assailants?

Thus we see that the diversity of character and temper, and the variety of passions that agitate the human breast, are not altogether confined to our own species. On the contrary, very many of the brute animals are highly susceptible both of love and hatred, fear and courage, anger and gentleness, gratitude and revenge. Their medium of expression is, indeed, less varied and copious than ours; but if less eloquent, it is also more pertinent and true; and consequently is never liable to mistake or misconstruction. The earth and air are full of sounds, which, to the intelligent ear, are not void or meaningless; but every one of them bears some express relation to the wants and emotions of living and sensitive beings; and even when there is no voice there is still a silent language, sufficient for the expression of all which it is necessary to communicate.

Some insects convey by a touch the most delicate shades of intelligence. Two bees, meeting each other, cross their antennæ, when one of them instantly knows that they have lost their queen; and he hastens to communicate the mournful tidings in the same way to others, until a knowledge of the catastrophe spreads, like wild-fire, through the whole community. Thus the ewe and lamb, though turned loose among a large flock, always recognize each other by the voice. The little one knows the call of its dam, however distant she may be, and it skips joyfully through the crowd of bleaters, following the well-known cry that leads to its mother. By studying these sounds, we obtain not only a more interesting, but a nearer view of the animal world. The sympathies of their bosoms are thus unfolded, and brought into direct communication with ours, while we obtain a clearer insight of their feelings, motives, and characters.

But it is in forest scenes, in the deep umbrageous groves and woods, that we find this natural language the most intelligible, and the most captivating. A thousand varied notes, a thousand delicate and tender trills, a thousand gushes of the most delicious melody, there salute us on every hand, and each one of them, from the soft cooing of the ring dove, and the exquisite murmur of the nightingale, to the garrulous note of the common hen, expresses some latent emotion of love, fear or hope.

In the class of animals which are most nearly allied to the vegetable tribes, we can detect few traces of feeling, in any form. The male of the Cephalopoda, or cuttle fish, is said to exhibit a wonderful degree of attachment to his mate. He is described by Bingley as keeping constantly by her side; and when attacked, displaying an obstinate gallantry in her defense, so chivalrous, that it frequently involves his own destruction. Among reptiles, the male of the common Iguana, though usually very gentle, has yet a warm attachment to the female; and when she is in danger, will defend her with a zeal, and obstinate courage, worthy of Don Quixote, himself.

In birds, the passions seem to be much more acute than in other animals, and many of them exhibit the true connubial sentiment, in the highest degree of perfection. The turtle dove woos his bride with a sweet and plaintive song; and the delicate little love-parrot sits beside his mate, and feeds her from his own bill. If one dies, the other seldom long survives. Many others of the parrot family, exhibit a deep and lasting affection for each other. Canary birds also, and especially the ravens form attachments which endure for life.

Social and Moral Ethics.

SOCIAL REFORM.

Is there no hope of better things for our world, and must that which hath been, still be? Is our life really a *lie*, and can it, by no possibility, come true? 'Twere inexpressibly painful to think thus. 'Twere to make the universe a chaos and our life a riddle. When, stepping forth in one of these perfect June mornings, we find ourselves so gloriously compassed—that magnificent vault above and this prodigal earth under us—you ever-stirring sea kissing its shores and the fresh early breeze wafting a blessing unto us—and then think, for a moment, on the falsities, the disorders, the everlasting clash and unrest, the disunion and disharmony of this our social condition—we can not believe 'tis to endure as now. We must needs dream of man, the nobler, being harmonized with nature, the meaner creation. Sprung from the same original, one wisdom and love supervise both.

It needs not many years to teach us how at odds is the unsophisticated spirit with the social order, whereunto 'tis born. Where lives he, to whom the revelation of what the world truly is was not a shock and an anguish unspeakable? Evermore 'tis by a downhill path one reaches the platform, whereon the world's tasks are to be executed and worldly success achieved. Were the whole truth to burst at once upon us, we were overwhelmed. But one beauteous illusion after another fades away—one principle after another is surrendered as romantic and impracticable—compromise after compromise is struck with absolute verity—lash on lash of the torturing scourge of necessity drives us into the beaten ways and bows us to "things as they are"—ray by ray goes out of our birth-star, till -

"At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

Yet no time, nor custom, nor debasement itself, can utterly destroy our inwrought impressions of the existence somewhat purer and nobler than actually greets the sense, the possession whereof 'tis man's prerogative to achieve. Manifold and unmistakable are the intimations thereof. Of the myriad things that recall our youth, not one but remembers us of youth's high purposes and hopes. Music bears witness to us of a more exalted than our wonted sphere. And nature with its undying harmonies and ever fresh beauty, hath perpetual rebuke for our disorder and deformity. But especially does poesy, the ever-living witness of the Divine to man, point unceasingly to an ideal, challenging our aspirations.

From all which causes it is that reform is measurably a demand of every age. However self-content and however asorbed by its own immediate schemes, it can not evade the thought of a possible advance. Our own time is one altogether unwonted in this regard. The reform-call is universal. One malfeasance and defect after another has been assaulted, till no mountain side but hath echoed back, and no remotest valley that hath not been startled by, the vehement demand for new and better life-conditions. Governments, once keeping afar the inquiries of the mass by pompous awes and terrors, have at last felt the pressure of the common hand on their shoulders, and been fain to render, as they might, a justification of their existence. The Church, no longer the Ark, the touch whereof is death, has been, mayhap, even rudely handled, and anywise been moved to assign men's largest good as the sole reason for its surviving. And throughout all departments of social life the same movement has gone. Intemperance itself—earth's coeval and universal curse—that foul, prodigious birth, to which the world, desperate of resistance, has been fain to yield an annual sacrifice, from its hopefulest and brightest often, has found at last its destroying Theseus, and life looks greener in expectancy of this deliverance. Madness, that thing of horrid mystery, before which, as 'twere a fiend incarnate, other days have quailed in helpless awe, has by modern benevolence been looked steadily in the eye and tamed. Nor has the "prisoner" been forgot. No more, like the old-time, leprous, are they shut out from sympathetic interchange with the sound, and branded irrecoverable, so left to die uncared of. 'Twere remembered that a condemned one accepted the Christ of God while

the people's "honorable ones" flouted and murdered him—that to one cut judiciously off was "Paradise opened," while over the self-complacent, who settled and witnessed his fate, a doom impended so appalling as to draw tears from the guiltless victim of their barbarity. That most illustrious of chivalrous banners, the ensign of Howard, the Godfrey of the crusade for the redemption of the outcast, has gathered about it a host of congenial spirits, and many a prison of ours, like that of Paul and Silas, has echoed with hymns of the "free"—of those born into the "glorious liberty of the sons of God."

But grateful as these movements are to the philanthropic heart, 'tis impossible not to see, that, after all, they are neither central nor permanent. 'Tis but shearing off the poisonous growths, the roots whereof are left intact and vigorous. The hour has come, we think, for essaying that radical reform, wherein all reforms else are comprised. Our social order itself rests on principles unsound and pernicious, and why not strike at the root of the tree? It pains us to witness so much of honorable, real, and faithful endeavor little better than flung away in tasks, which still must be renewed at the instant of completion. Might we but live to see even the corner-stone laid of a right *Christian Society*! What now be we but sons of Ishmael? Of a huge majority 'tis the anxious, everlasting cry, "how shall we exist?"—not "how shall we achieve the noblest good?" Not, "how shall we unfold the most completely the godlike within us?"

And can it be God's unrepeatable ordinance that the great mass of them bearing His impress shall drudge through their life-term to supply their meanest wants, perpetually overtaken, shrouded thick in intellectual night, uncognizant of the marvels of wisdom and beauty testifying His presence in our world, unparticipant of a joy above that of the beasts that perish? Must war and pestilence and famine, must crime and vice and sickness and remorse, still hound this poor life of man through the whole of its quick-finished circle? Must the gallows yet pollute, and the prison gloom, and the brothel curse, and madhouse and poorhouse shadow the green breast of earth? Wo for our wisdom, that to labor, the first great ordinance of Heaven, we have discovered no better instigation than the insufferable goad of starvation! Wo for a social system, wherein the individual and the general good stand irreconcilably opponent! Without prevalent sickness the physician must famish. But for quarrel and litigation the lawyer's hearth-fire must go out. On the existence of war's "butcher-work" the soldier's hopes are based. The monopolist grows fat on the scarcity that makes others lean. The builder and an associated host are lighted to wealth by the conflagration that lays half a city in ashes. Every where the same disunity prevails, and the precept, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," is practically nullified by the very motive powers of our social existence. The true man can remain such only by fleeing to the desert or waging everlasting warfare with all influences about him.

How is it the world deals, and ever hath dealt with that extraordinary virtue the manifestation of the Divine to man? Alas, for the dishonoring tale! Lo, the noble Athenian expiring in the malefactor's prison! Lo, a far higher than the Athenian writhing on the "accursed tree!" Ever 'tis crucifixion the world exacts as penalty, of him who would "show it a more excellent way." And what reception finds genius, that perpetual witness to a race engulfed by sense of the immortal and invisible? Does the world hail its Avatar and reverently listen to its utterances, as to the oracle's responses? Alas, for the historic leaf that registers its mortal fate! Society has no allotted place for him who, dowered with this divine attribute, surrenders himself wholly to its inspirations, speaks out its unmodified suggestions, and treads, unquestioning, the path it points out. Obstructions hedge him about, penury cramps and denies him both instruments and occasions, calumny and ridicule dog him, neglect freezes or hate turns to gall his heart's ardent loves, and, with naked feet, he is constrained to tread a stony, thorny way. Even so deals the world with them commissioned of God as its prophets and teachers. No marvel, then at the frequent perversion and sometimes deep debasement of genius.

Want and fashion, and the broad, deep currents of immemorial opinion are not given, save rarely, even to this to resist and overcome. Blame not, then, that you witness Heaven's own subtle flame

burning on strange altars, or the temple vessels desecrated by heathen orgies.

But the social order, that *necessitates* things like these—is it for us to acquiesce therein, or shall we demand a reorganization?

Verily, we crave no impracticable, no irrational thing. We ask a society, wherein all God's children shall be sufficiently fed, and clad, and housed—wherein every individual shall find leisure, sphere, and means for the fit, harmonious unfolding of all his powers of body and spirit—wherein each shall have his true standing-place and environment, and may act his individual self freely and fully out—wherein the highest shall be recognized as highest, and not the lowest enact the governing and molding power—wherein the want and anxiety and thralldom and everlasting clash, which now so torment man's life shall no longer be, and the individual and the general weal shall be joined in indissoluble marriage. Who, on this broad earth, yearns not for such a social state? And, unless reason be a will-o'-the-wisp and figures a lie, such a state is possible, and through association, shall ere long exist!

Original.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

[The following is an abstract of a lecture on the above subject, delivered by J. K. LOGGINS, before the Society of Liberals, Sunday, May 15th, 1853.]

THE important question which presses for an investigation at the present day, is that of Labor, and its just remuneration. It is a question, the magnitude of which is beginning to be strongly felt by the vast majority of the people; and the time for its solution can not be far distant. The true relations of labor and capital must be understood and adopted ere long, or the most disastrous results will ensue.

There is a true science of the rights of labor, or there is not: if not, one scheme may be as good as another; but if there is, by investigation and analysis, we can attain to the true knowledge of that science.

Every individual has interests connected with this question; and therefore all should examine it that they may be qualified to aid in its elucidation, and to decide as to the manner of its settlement, in the way it may appear to them. The poor and the rich—the unlearned and the learned—will all be affected by the result. Education is rapidly preparing the masses with that degree of knowledge which enables them to dispense with the services of those who exchange their wits for a livelihood. The time has been when the individual who had attained a collegiate education, possessed a diploma which sustained him through life. But now it is better to graduate at the Workshop to be able to procure the means of support, than at the institutions of learning. He who can sustain his family by labor, is superior to him who can not use his hands to obtain the supplies to his wants, but who is compelled to bow to wealth for its favors. And the goddess Fortune is so fickle that the rich of to-day may be poor to-morrow, and *vice versa*; so that, inasmuch as all men may be compelled to labor, and as each one *should* do so sufficiently to maintain himself, none can wisely say, "It is well enough—the relations of labor and capital are just."

But the question respecting the right of man to labor, and its just remuneration, is not a difficult one. It is not hard to ascertain the rights which, by the gift of Nature belong to each individual, and which he must in the proper order of things realize.

In the first place, we find man having an existence; and therefore he must have a place in which to exist, and a natural right to occupy that place. He is furnished with lungs, and hence he requires air to breathe; he has eyes, but light is needed to enable him to see; and he possesses various bodily organs, each of which has its office, and is furnished by Nature with the means of performing it. So with the whole man; he has certain requirements, certain inalienable rights, and he must have the means of realizing those rights, or be a slave—be deprived of a portion of the provisions existing in Nature for his proper existence.

Physical possessions constitute the basis of human operations. When these are enjoyed in justice, there is no oppression. But there

is a distinction between property and possession. Possession is the inalienable right of man; property is what he produces from this right. Despots have denied that man has any inalienable rights; but do they not exist? Because the plant has not arrived at maturity, is it not a plant? If the elements of the free man are yet undeveloped in the slave, is he therefore without an inalienable right to be free? The rights of all men are equal. And the only true restraint to each individual's sphere of action aside from the promptings of his own will, commences with his infringement upon the rights of others.

There is a difference between the spontaneous productions of the earth, and that which is the result of man's skill. But our laws recognize no distinction. They make property of every thing, whether produced by toil or by nature; and even go so far as to make property of man. This is not in accordance with any principle of right—any true science of nature. It is in opposition to the fundamental principle of the rights of man; which is his right to labor—to till the earth, and enjoy the full product of his toil without interference. And this first right—the basis of social liberty—the important prerogative of Individual Sovereignty—let us secure and uphold by all manner of just means.

The present relations of man to his possessions and property, are inverted. What is termed "capital," is not confined to property; but it embraces things which never have and never can be produced by labor. The earth, with all its productions, from the rocks upon its surface to the richest ores in its depths—from the simplest plant of the field to the loftiest tree of the forest—have been held as the property of one set of men to the exclusion of others, and have been obtained by purchase or by inheritance. All the natural productions of the earth are claimed as property; and so is man himself. And this unhallowed inversion of man's natural and legitimate relations, has resulted in the vast accumulation of property by some and the abject poverty and slavery of others.

Is there, in the the nature of things, any power in property to reproduce itself? Is capital entitled to any reward? Yet, in the present social derangement, property is made to accumulate property, and capital to increase from its own value. And while capital is the controlling power—making man the dependent, or the artisan inferior to his productions—it will continue to demand its dividend, and to buy and own man, its creator.

Man is the active agent, and the only one; while the soil and the elements controlled by man are the passive ones. But society has given money the power to buy both—man, the active, and earth, the passive. Money represents man who labors, and the earth that is cultivated; no wonder that it commands interest. It represents bones and sinews, the earth and its elements, the homes and possessions of man, instead of the value of productive industry.

To ascertain, therefore, the solution of this question, whether labor, alone, is entitled to compensation, we must go outside of society; because we can not solve it while the relations of the active and passive, the creator and the created, are inverted.

I assume, then, that if money could not buy man, the earth and its elements, it would lose its power of compensation or of increase. Capital should be the product of labor and that alone. Labor is entitled to the product—man is entitled to that only which he produces. We have no right to exchange the products of labor for man or the earth. Neither have products the right to share products.

All remuneration of capital presupposes the idleness or uselessness of the capitalist. The man of wealth is hungry—the industry of another furnishes him with food, and he himself is not obliged to labor; but he remunerates the laborer by allowing him to toil as much longer for his own support. The present rule is, for the owner of the farm to give one half of its product to the tenant who cultivates it. Thus it is, that the capitalist is naked, and behold he becomes sumptuously clothed by the laborer; he would have luxury—another's industry furnishes it; his most trivial caprice is made known—the poor man flies to gratify him. He has gold, and he will let you use it for a time, provided you will place him in possession of its equivalent for a security, and largely increase the amount at the return. All of his

life he wants labor; for which he pays the usance of gold and not labor. And if he will be benevolent, the amount of his gift is levied on his tenants and collected from them; or if he supports oppression, his laborers are compelled to supply him with the means to do so.

Capital does not increase labor; nor does it develop the resources of the country. But it is the owner of industry, and with the power which society invests in it, is the foe of mankind.

[The continuation of this subject, will appear in the next number.]

Facts and Phenomena.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

HON. N. P. TALLMADGE ON SPIRIT-MANIFESTATIONS.

LETTER TO MRS. WHITMAN.

BALTIMORE, Tuesday, April 12, 1853.

DEAR MADAM: I seize a few leisure moments, while detained here a short time on business, to give you a more extended account of the "Physical Manifestations" to which I alluded in a former letter. In this account, I shall confine myself to those which purport to come from the spirit of John C. Calhoun.

I have received numerous communications from him, from the commencement of my investigation of this subject down to the present time. Those communications have been received through rapping mediums, writing mediums, and speaking mediums. They are of the most extraordinary character. In style and sentiment, they would do honor to him in his best days on earth.

After the arrival of the Misses Fox in Washington City, in February last, I called on them by appointment, and, at once, received a communication from Calhoun.

I then wrote down and propounded *mentally* the following question:

"Can you *do* any thing (meaning physical manifestations) to confirm me in the truth of these revelations, and to remove from my mind the least shadow of unbelief?"

To which I received the following answer:

"I will give you a communication on Monday, at half past seven o'clock. Do not fail to be here. I will then give you an explanation."

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

It is proper here to remark, that all the communications referred to in this letter, were made by Calhoun after a call for the alphabet, and were rapped out, letter by letter, and taken down by me in the usual way. They were made in the presence of the Misses Fox, and their mother.

I called on Monday at the hour appointed, and received the following communication:

"My friend, the question is often put to you, 'What good can result from these communications?' I will answer it:

"It is to draw mankind together in harmony, and convince skeptics of the Immortality of the Soul."

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

This reminds me that, in 1850, at Bridgeport, in the presence of other mediums, among many questions put and answers received, were the following—the answer purporting to come from W. E. Channing:

Q.—What do Spirits propose to accomplish by these new manifestations?

A.—To unite mankind, and to convince the skeptical minds of the immortality of "the soul"

The coincidence in sentiment of the answer of J. C. Calhoun and of W. E. Channing, in regard to the object of these manifestations, is remarkable, and worthy of particular notice. The

concurrence of two such great minds, whether in or out of the body, on a subject so engrossing, can not fail to command the attention of every admirer of exalted intellect and moral purity.

During the above communication of Calhoun, the table moved occasionally, perhaps a foot, first one way and then the other. After the communication closed, we all moved back from the table, from two to four feet—so that no one touched the table. Suddenly the table moved from the position it occupied some three or four feet—rested a few moments—and then moved back to its original position. Then it again moved as far the other way, and returned to the place it started from. One side of the table was then raised, and stood for a few moments at an angle of about thirty-five degrees, and then again rested on the floor as usual.

The table was a large, heavy, round table, at which ten or a dozen persons might be seated at dinner. During all these movements *no person touched the table, nor was any one near it.* After seeing it raised in the manner above mentioned, I had the curiosity to test its weight by raising it myself. I accordingly took my seat by it—placed my hands under the leaf, and exerted as much force as I was capable of in that sitting posture, and could not raise it a particle from the floor. I then stood up, in the best possible position to exert the greatest force—took hold of the leaf, and still could not raise it with all the strength I could apply. I then requested the three ladies to take hold around the table, and try all together to lift it. We lifted upon it until the leaf and top began to crack, and did not raise it a particle. We then desisted, fearing we should break the table. I then said, "Will the spirits permit me to raise the table?" I took hold alone and raised it without difficulty!

After this, the following conversation ensued:

Q.—Can you raise the table entirely from the floor?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Will you raise me with it?

A.—Yes: Get me the square table

The square table was of cherry, with four legs—a large size tea table. It was brought out and substituted for the round one, the leaves being raised. I took my seat on the center; the three ladies sat at the sides and end, their hands and arms resting upon it. This, of course, added to the weight to be raised, namely, my own weight, and the weight of the table. Two legs of the table were then raised about six inches from the floor; and then the other two legs were raised to a level of the first, so that the whole table was suspended in the air, about six inches above the floor! While thus seated on it, I could feel a gentle vibratory motion, as if floating in the atmosphere. After being thus suspended in the air for a few moments, the table was gently let down again to the floor!

Some pretend to say, that these physical manifestations are made by electricity! I should like to know by what laws of electricity known to us, a table is at one time riveted, as it were, to the floor, against all the force that could be exerted to raise it; and at another time raised entirely from the floor with more than two hundreds of pounds weight upon it?

At a subsequent meeting, Calhoun directed me to bring three bells and a guitar. I brought them accordingly. The bells were of different sizes—the largest like a small-sized dinner-bell. He directed a drawer to be put under the square table. I put under a bureau drawer, bottom side up. He directed the bells to be placed on the drawer. The three ladies and myself were seated at the table, with our hands and arms resting on it.

The bells commenced ringing in a sort of chime. Numerous raps were made, as if beating time to a march. The bells continued to ring, and to chime in with the beating of time. The time of the march was slow and solemn. It was beautiful and perfect. The most fastidious ear could not detect any discrepancy in it.

The raps then ceased, and the bells rang violently for several minutes. A bell was then pressed on my foot, my ankle, and my knee. This was at different times repeated. Knocks were made most vehemently against the underside of the table—so that a large tin candlestick was, by every blow, raised completely from the table by the concussion!

I afterward examined the underside of the table, (which, it will be recollected, was of cherry,) and found indentations in the wood, made by the end of the handle of the bell, which was tipped with brass. Could electricity make those violent knocks with the handle of the bell, causing indentations and raising the candlestick from the table at every blow? Or was it done by the same invisible power that riveted the table to the floor, and again raised it, with all the weight upon it, entirely above the floor.

Here the ringing of the bells ceased, and then I felt sensibly and distinctly the impression of a hand on my foot, ankle and knee. These manifestations were several times repeated.

I was then directed to put the guitar on the drawer. We were all seated as before, with our hands and arms resting on the table.

The guitar was touched softly and gently, and gave forth sweet and delicious sounds like the accompaniment to a beautiful and exquisite piece of music. It then played a sort of symphony, in much louder and bolder tones. And, as it played, these harmonious sounds, becoming soft, and sweet, and low, began to recede, and grew fainter and fainter till they died away on the ear in the distance. Then they returned and grew louder and nearer, till they were heard again in full and gushing volume as when they commenced.

I am utterly incapable of giving any adequate idea of the beauty and harmony of this music. I have heard the guitar touched by the most delicate and scientific hands, and heard from it, under such guidance, the most splendid performances. But never did I hear any thing that fastened upon the very soul like these prophetic strains drawn out by an invisible hand from the Spirit-world. While listening to it I was ready to exclaim, in the language of the Bard of Avon:

"That strain again—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor."

After the music had ceased, the following communication was received:

"This is my hand that touches you and the guitar.

JOHN C. CALHOUN."

I was present, by Calhoun's appointment, with the Misses Fox and their mother. We were seated at the table as heretofore, our hands and arms resting upon it. I was directed to put paper and pencil on the drawer. I placed several sheets of unruled letter paper, together with a wooden pencil on it. I soon heard the sound of the pencil on the paper. It was then rapped out, "Get the pencil and sharpen it." I looked under the table, but did not see the pencil. At length I found it lying diagonally from me, three or four feet from the table. The lead was broken off within the wood. I sharpened it, and again put it on the drawer. Again I heard the sound of the

pencil on the paper. On being directed to look at the paper I discovered pencil marks on each side of the outer sheet, but no writing. Then was received the following communication:

"The power is not enough to write a sentence. This will show you that I *can* write. If you meet on Friday, precisely at seven, I will write a short sentence.

JOHN C. CALHOUN."

We met pursuant to appointment—took our seats at the table, our hands and arms resting on it as usual. I placed the paper with my silver-cased pencil on the drawer, and said,

"My friend, I wish the sentence to be in your own handwriting, so that your friends will recognize it." He replied:

"You will know the writing."

He then said:

"Have your minds on the spirit of John C. Calhoun."

I soon heard a rapid movement of the pencil on the paper, and a rustling of the paper, together with a movement of the drawer. I was then directed to look under the drawer. I looked, and found my pencil outside of the drawer, near my feet, but found no paper on the drawer where I placed it. On raising up the drawer, I discovered the paper all under it. The sheets were a little deranged, and on examining I found on the outside sheet these words:

"I'm with you still."

I afterward showed the "sentence" to Gen. James Hamilton, former Governor of South-Carolina, Gen. Waddy Thompson, former Minister to Mexico, Gen. Robert B. Campbell, late Consul at Havana, together with other intimate friends of Calhoun, and also to one of his sons, all of whom are as well acquainted with his handwriting as their own, and they all pronounced it to be a perfect *fac simile* of the handwriting of John C. Calhoun.

Gen. Hamilton stated a fact in connection with this writing, of great significance. He says that Calhoun was in the habit of writing "I'm" for "I am," and that he has numerous letters from him where the abbreviation is thus used.

Mrs. Gen. Macomb has stated the same fact to me. She says that her husband, the late Gen. Macomb, has shown to her Calhoun's letters to him, where this abbreviation "I'm" was used for "I am," and spoke of it as a peculiarity of Mr. Calhoun.

How significant, then, does this fact become? We have not only the most unequivocal testimony to the handwriting itself, but, lest any skeptic should suggest the possibility of an imitation or a counterfeit, this abbreviation, peculiar to himself, and known only to his most intimate friends, and which no imitator or counterfeiter could know, is introduced by way of putting such a suggestion to flight forever!

This "sentence" is perfectly characteristic of Calhoun. It contains his terseness of style and his condensation of thought. It is a text from which volumes might be written. It proves,

1. The Immortality of the Soul.
2. The power of spirits to revisit the earth.
3. Their ability to communicate with relatives and friends.
4. The identity of the spirit to all eternity.

How one's soul expands with these sublime conceptions! How resistless is this testimony of their truth! How surprising that men can doubt, when this flood of living light is poured upon them by spirits who, in the language of Webster, "revel in the glory of the eternal light of God."

Very truly yours,

N. P. TALLMADGE.

MRS. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN, Providence, R. I.



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THE design of this paper as a medium for the circulation of free thought, will absolve its editors from any responsibility with regard to the opinions of individual contributors.

New-York, June 4, 1853.

MORAL DEVELOPMENT.

HAVING previously discussed the subjects of Physical and Intellectual Development, we come now to speak of the unfolding of moral power in the bosom of Society in general. There are those, it is well known, who say that the world has made no progress of this kind, but has in fact been always degenerating—or at least going back ever since they became acquainted with its history. But the best way to test this point is by comparison of well-known facts—or what have been received as such in the past—with the spirit and genius of these times, and then perhaps we can judge more truly. Let us then revert to the Old Testament Records—the times of Patriarchs and Prophets, and holy men and women, whose names have been held up as models of excellence and virtue, and which, sublimed by time and distance, are invested with a kind of divinity.

We find Jacob, who was ministering beside the sick couch of his dying father, instructed by his mother to tell a lie and cover his hands with the skin of a beast, that he might rob his brother of the blessing which belonged to him by right of primogeniture; and when the poor old man found how basely he had been cheated, he could not revoke the blessing, but confirmed it—while God, as it appears from the history, also sanctioned the wicked fraud, and crowned the deceiver with his blessing also, by fixing in Jacob and his posterity the line of glory and promise. Would the better class of men, or any respectably moral people in these days, sanction such deeds or dare to do them openly? Yet we are by no means to believe that either Jacob or his mother were seriously culpable. They probably furnished a tolerably fair specimen of the morality of their times.

It has been said that no people can be much better than the laws by which they are controlled—or that a digest of the

spirit of the people would be found in the digest of their various statutes. Assuming this axiom as truth—and something like it must be true—what can be more barbarous than the penal code of Moses! In the Levitical law, almost every offense was punishable with death. Disobedience to parents—and that without any safeguard for the children—was a capital crime. And not only this, but the punishments themselves were of the most cruel and savage character—stoning to death being one of the favorite exercises of that kind. The highest legal morality of the times was an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Why did not Moses pass over the great chasm at a single leap, and give to his followers the teachings of Jesus? Why did he not invest Mount Sinai with the sublime mercy, long-suffering, forbearance—with all the divine spirit which was infused into the beautiful doctrines of another mountain? Suppose he had preached these doctrines of a later age, teaching them to turn the other cheek to the smiter—to yield quietly to the oppression of brute force—to love their enemies—to bless those who cursed them, and in all things to suffer rather than to do evil, who would have listened—who could have understood him? He might as well have preached such doctrines to the gray old rocks of Horeb, to the waters of the Dead Sea, or to have sought to soften by such appeals the flinty heart of Sinai itself. The people were not prepared. Ages, with their continually ameliorating influence, should come and go, working out in their passage, link after link, the never-ending chain of progress, before the original fountain of law as it burst forth from Mount Sinai in the morning of time, could be filtered through revolving cycles of years, and come out clear, and sparkling with the divinest life, in the Christian coil of Olivet.

But there is another view of the subject to be taken at the present time. The moral measure of man, as of a people, may be taken by his primitive theological idea—or his conception of God. The mythology of the Greeks and Romans was founded almost wholly on superior animal endowments: witness Jove the Thunderer, Hercules the slayer of monsters, Venus the Queen of Love and Beauty. Hence their distinguishing genius and character were based on these ideas. They were essentially warlike in what may be called their business capacity, and sensual in their hours of recreation and rest.

The Jehovah of the Jews did not greatly transcend the heathen idea from which it was evolved. The Thunderer of Mount Sinai is but a very little higher conception than he of Olympus. The God of Battles, he who made the sun and moon stand still—as we have been taught—that a larger number of helpless men and women and children might be slaughtered, is not exceeded in cruelty and rapacity by any pictured character in the heathen mythology; but he is rather in his unity a concentration of the minor forces that were continually breaking out in petty feuds among the gods and goddesses. Yet this character—hideous and revolting as it would appear if acting now through the tangible form of any human being—this Jehovah—this God of the Jews, was all that they could comprehend or believe in, for he was all that they could see. They could not yet comprehend either the relationship or the character of paternity which was unfolded long ages after, and bequeathed to us in the beautiful prayer of Christ, which has immortalized the sentiment in the daily invocation of OUR FATHER.

Doubtless it was best that the Christian Dispensation should be given when it was, yet very far were the world at large

from being able to appreciate or to reach the divinity of the great ideas that were embodied in the Gospels of Jesus. Accordingly we find that the churches and converts to the new faith, were more or less affected by the heathenism that gathered round about them, or tainted with the old ideas of cruelty and malevolence.

It is doubtful whether Jesus himself fully comprehended that sublime height of harmony and beauty in the character of God, which discards the idea of punishment, and which, instead of demanding an impossibility of supreme love in a being who is not left free to choose or to question whether he can well love or not, makes the highest good of every creature the great law of his own life. But whether he understood all this or not, his followers as a body appear to have had very little, if any idea, of this exalted conception of God and his ministry in the affairs of men. And as the early christians were distributed at large among heathen nations in the partial conversion of the one and retrogression of the other, christian and heathen ideas became amalgamated, and for a long time these mixed forms of faith swayed the minds of men and the affairs of States, under the names of Catholicism and Orthodoxy in their various forms. Under their influence, Catholics persecuted and slaughtered Protestants—as they themselves had been martyred by the heathen nations out from which they came—the Protestants punished and expatriated unoffending Puritans—and even the Puritans themselves, after having sacrificed all the ties of home and country for their own liberty of conscience, deliberately hung Quakers and Baptists, and made the slaughter of poor Indians a subject of devout thanksgiving.

The application of the foregoing remarks may be made in a few words. The great moral ideas of every age have been an index to the moral development of the people; and since we find that these ideas have been always progressive, suggesting constantly higher views of God and duty, we may conclude, from the teachings of analogy, that the moral power of the world, instead of being diminished or weakened, is ever, and will continue to be, increased and intensified.

LITERARY REVIEW.

EAGLE PASS, OR LIFE ON THE BORDER; by Cora Montgomery. New York: Geo. P. Putnam & Co.

To say that this is one of the most agreeable works of its kind, is going but little way toward expressing what it really is, and deserves to be considered. As a book of travels, it has all the freshness and spirit of remote sylvan scenes, and border life. With a clear eye for the beautiful, and a happy gift of language in expressing her thought, Cora Montgomery could not be otherwise than poetical; and with this charming faculty she combines great cleverness and address, in the discussion of those questions which are not usually attractive to women. As a writer on political economy there is, perhaps, no living woman—unless it be Harriet Martineau—who is her equal—or approaches to that degree; and in the working of the complicated machinery of State, and the laws and principles by which it is operated, it is quite doubtful if even the latter may fairly compete with her—as indeed few men may successfully do. This power is her *forte*; and, as a matter of course, it could not be kept out of any considerable work. In many points her passing remarks are at once keen, sensible, and judicious. In a chapter entitled “The Cane Cottage,” we may see how naturally her descriptive power contracts itself, and deepens into a moral current:

In a few weeks after my first visit to the mulberry grove, I was delightfully established in a reed cottage under the thick-set canopy of foliage, exactly where we found Pedro's tent. The *metate* had given place to an extempore table for writing, embroidery, and a variety of other feminine helps to idleness, disguised in the form of work. This change was not an inapt expression of the difference of female life in patriarchal and city periods. Cities do not imply the highest possible civilization, though they are schools, and aids to it on its upward path, any more than patriarchal customs imply the highest moral good. The bread-making, blanket-weaving period, in which woman walks out her tread-mill round of life in mental torpor and laborious usefulness, reads well in Arcadian poetry, but it is not the purest nor the happiest. Sacred history, in depicting a life not far removed in its main outlines from this we are witnessing on the border, gives us strong details of domestic strife, fraternal wars, neighborly deceit, and mutual injustice. Man was not high where woman was so low, and he can not rise without taking woman with him.

But neither is the busy trifling of that we call refinement very much better; though it is more pleasant to the sight, as the gay tulip is fairer-looking than the rough-favored, but useful potato. It is only when society has shaped itself so as to expect service from all its members, when the fruit shall follow the flower, and graceful adornment keep time with solid utility, that woman and civilization can be admitted to have found a position of value. Hard-working Barbara, who cooks and washes for her hard-working mate; bustling Martha, who makes pickles and preserves to help out the fussy hospitality of hers, who, in turn, lives perhaps by thrusting himself between producer and consumer, and leeches from their industry what supports his non-producing existence; exquisite Madalina, who touches the harp, out-paints nature, and out-perfumes the rose, the tulip ornament of the ball and promenade, are neither of them more than the third part of the complete woman of complete civilization.

But in one point she fails to satisfy the desire for universal good, that must inspire every truly philanthropic mind. She *appears* to be an apologist for slavery, the justice of which, under some circumstances, she labors to support with an elaborate show of reasons, which insensibly awakens a suspicion of their earnestness. It can not be, indeed, that they *are* sincere—that a mind so clear and earnest in other respects, should either fail to see the wrong, or be prepared to defend it, with that faith which makes one truly eloquent. She speaks of The Peculiar Institution having “snatched some hundred thousand slaves from a land of gross and cruel slavery, and raised them, and their descendants to a christian and moral elevation, incomparably superior to any condition we know of the race in their native land.” The words *christian* and *moral*, are singularly ill-associated with an institution which, by abrogating humanity in the slave, either directly or indirectly sanctions and legalizes every form of wrong, which unbridled licentiousness and lust of power may inflict, ignorance become guilty of, or helpless weakness suffer. And the *worst* form of slavery in Africa has been excited and sustained by christians nations—falsely so called; for surely Cora Montgomery can not find, in all that continent, benighted as it may be, anything so horrible as the eternal sundering of the dearest ties—the affections which bind man to Country, Home, and Family—the horrors of the middle passage—and the LAWS which claim and hold the original freeman of the Desert, and all his posterity, in unmitigated and everlasting CHATTELISM!

It is conceded by all writers, because it is sustained by all the facts in the case—that the greater the difference of social position, or intelligence, civilization, and development between the enslaver and the enslaved, the more bitter and horrible will be the slavery. And the reason is clear, because Nature is stronger than any conventional or artificial circumstances;

for the uncultivated master has not developed the power to be a tyrant in the highest degree. He and his slave, in despite of all the rights of purchase and possession, are not far from equals; and some day, perhaps, the tables may be turned, and the slave become the master. Such is African slavery; and such must slavery be among all barbarous peoples. And this is the reason why slavery in an otherwise enlightened and republican country takes its worst form, and New-Englanders, when they *do* consent to weld the chain, and crack the whip, are the most exacting, heartless, and abominable tyrants under the sun. Of all Nations that have ever lived, this is the very last that either should, or *could* be defended, in the holding of slaves; for it not only presents the worst form of the wrong; but, associated as it is with the name of freedom, which we assume, if the mask were not so extremely shallow, it would appear such rank hypocrisy as would make the very name of Republican, when assumed by the defenders and supporters of Slavery, the most withering sarcasm, the most scorching satire. Cora Montgomery must know this.

In her strictures on Peon Slavery, the treatment of the Indians, and the condition of the hiring slave, she is more true to herself, and her really free and noble spirit. We must now close this long notice with the following eloquent defense of the rights of Labor, and the Laborer:

The good Shepherd, for that was his name as well as his vocation, practised the equality he preached, but even this high-minded exception to the general army of theorists did not, in his actual practice, put the rough, unhewn block in the place of the polished corner-stone. He did what all pretend a desire to do, yet few of us even attempt to perform in fact; he gave, in every respect, due honor and fellowship to the honorable and worthy laborer. By this course of justice, respect and fellowship, the toiler is polished and elevated, and without asking any one to endure the companionship of vulgar, narrow-mindedness, (though such often comes to our doors in carriages,) it is in the power of every member of good society to help largely in this mission. Most of all, women may do much for our domestic heathen by reserving and using for the bloated intemperance of the rich man, the care less scorn that now rains down discouragement and abasement upon the head of the man of toil. I only supplicate that worth and intelligence shall be honored wherever it is met; that it shall have a welcome and courtesy wherever you are; that it shall be held as ill-bred, as it certainly is unchristian, to affect a shallow contempt for the representative of any trade or calling, while the man is your equal in the gifts of heaven and in their proper cultivation. Let every just man and woman in the nation resolve to treat all the working-people in their sphere of influence with the social distinction that his or her own conscience declares to be merited, and at once the whole national character will be ennobled, for man will outrank money.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM DR. D. CORY.

WAUKEGAN, May 23, 1853.

DEAR EDs.: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your two letters, and at the same time to offer an apology for not having replied to them at the proper time. I delayed answering your second, in hopes of being able to give you the promised extracts with it; but a series of untoward circumstances, which would be too tedious to mention, prevented; and I have not, till now, found a moment at my command, even for the civility of an acknowledgment.

I am much—very much—pleased with the *Journal*, and shall feel proud to add my feeble efforts to those of the able and talented contributors, whose names appear in the list.

It is, indeed, a glorious cause in which we labor; one in which angels have labored—are laboring—and will continue to labor, till poor, enslaved, benighted man, shall be redeemed from his ignorance, and degradation, and sin.

Yes; “side by side with angels, we work;” and who would not rejoice in a service which brings us into such heavenly companionship? This service, hard as it may at times appear, and be, yields a joy “the world knows not of,” and can not know, till the scales of error are taken from their eyes. God and angels speed the day!

I have concluded to send you an article, which you can take any liberty with you think proper, in the way of abbreviations, corrections, extracts, or additions, or reject it, if you deem it unfit. It belongs to you and the cause; do with it accordingly.

The Society of Harmonial friends here, organized a “Church,” two years and a half since, under the name of the Excelsior Society, or Church, which is the first regular organization of the kind, I think, in the country. We have, of course, been longer and better abused than they who are but new recruits in the service. But what matters it? “Truth is mighty, and will prevail.”

Yours for the Truth,

DAVID CORY.

LETTER FROM E. W. CAPRON.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 29, 1853.

BROTHER AMBLER: I am in receipt of the *Journal* regularly, and am happy to note its improvement. It is a valuable addition to the philosophical literature of our times. I hope it may continue to meet with a generous support.

A few days since, I visited Blockley Almshouse, near this city, which has been aptly styled “The Palace for Paupers.” It is one redeeming feature of this age, wherein “the blighting bane of commerce” has its full sway, to see an effort like this to make the poor and needy, the halt, lame, blind and erring, comfortable. Among the insane ones I saw none who exhibited any symptoms of “insanity from spirit rapping,” although I saw one poor creature who was “religiously” insane, and was moaning piteously, saying that an awful curse had been pronounced upon her—that she was *doomed to live in this world*. “Oh!” said she, “I can never leave this world! I am cursed and condemned to stay—oh! *such* a curse!” And thus she has moaned on for more than ten long years. The picture was truly painful, and reminded me of the story of Ahasuerus, the Jew, who crept forth from Mount Carmel, such a miserable being, having lived two thousand years, without any hope of death. ~~HE WAS CONDEMNED TO LIVE!~~ So thought this poor creature at Blockley. Another had been playing a piano, or making corresponding movements, for many, many years. She had become musically insane.

Should not music be presented as a “nuisance” by a New-York jury! The sweet bard of Avon said that,

“He that hath no music in his soul,
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils;”

yet the philosophy of some wise men of our times would banish music from the earth.

E. W. C.

We return our thanks to the numerous friends who have expressed their appreciation of our labors, or volunteered their kind offices in behalf of the *Journal*. We shall endeavor to merit their kindness.

Polite Literature.

Original.

THE BRAZILIAN HEIRESS;
A HISTORY OF SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT.

BY FANNY GREEN.

CHAPTER XIII.—JEANNETTE.

STILL Theodosia worked on, so uncomplainingly and pleasantly, that no one could find any real cause of complaint against her—no, not so much as a question, whispered to herself in secret, of the right thus to persecute her. Still, when the hard toils of the day were over, she took the little crucifix which had been worn by her mother from her bosom; and having murmured the sweet prayers of faith and love that seemed ever hovering, like winged cherubs, about her, she lay down to sleep, quietly as a young angel on the brink of Hades, dreaming not of the foul conspiracy, which was intended to work her final overthrow.

Meanwhile, one of the under teachers, who was known as Mademoiselle Jeannette, was taken suddenly ill of a malignant fever. In this state she was abandoned by all; and she must have died from want of common attention, had not Theodosia discovered her situation. She begged permission to attend her; when, contrary to her expectation, the request was most graciously heard. Indeed, Madame Montresse could scarcely frame the shadow of a denial, on the ground of danger from the infection, so overjoyed was she, in the hope of arriving at a summary disposition of her victim. And sweet was the ministry of that sick chamber, to the young heart which was swollen with the love, for which it could find no object—no expression.

Mademoiselle Jeannette had always been attracted to the young orphan; but occupying, as she did, one of the most subordinate places in the school, and being herself the victim of life's most untoward circumstance, abject poverty, she could do nothing to mitigate her sufferings. I say nothing; but Theodosia did not accept it so. This poor Teacher, overawed, dependent, and continually watched, as she was, yet found opportunity to say to Theodosia, though it was only by a glance from her large, deep, and loving eyes: "Sweet child, I pity you!" "Dear child, I love you!" "Poor orphan—poor, amid all your wealth—were I not poorer still, I would enrich you with my love!" "Lonely and desolate one, could I but for a single moment be free, I would take you to my heart, and show you how it bleeds for you!" All this Theodosia understood; and now came the life-harvest, springing up vigorously from those living germs of repressed kindness. Then let no one despair of doing good because he is poor. If he can not give money, or bread, let him give loving smiles, and pitying looks; and though scattered by the way-side, the good seed will not be lost; but it will spring up, in comfort to the comfortless, hope to the hopeless, belief to the faithless, and strength to the powerless, and bring forth fruit a thousand fold—fruit of eternal love and joy, of which even the planter shall partake.

In the ravings of her delirium Mademoiselle Jeannette often explored the severe part she had been compelled to take; and when the crisis was past over safely, Theodosia rejoiced in the possession of a true friend.

Soon after her return to the school-room, the young ladies had been promised a visit to the Louvre, as the reward of good behavior, and perfect lessons for a week. It was well known that this would be a great treat to Theodosia, who still retained her love of Art, if not of the Artist, who had been to her young mind the first representative of its sacred Ideal; and, in accordance with the old discipline, tasks were set in all her studies, far in advance of her present position. When they were presented to her, with almost a suer at the probability of failure, for the first time she was nearly disheartened. She said nothing, however, and, like a true heroine, as she was, girded herself to

the effort; and she went on bravely, till all was accomplished except a single, and very difficult problem in Mathematics. But it was in vain she labored over this—in vain she strove to analyze, and digest its terms, so as to feel her way, as it were, to the root of its principles—still it was a problem—unsolved—and, for her, apparently unsolvable.

After worrying herself almost into a fever, by her hitherto useless effort, at a late hour she threw herself on her couch, and fell asleep. As is often the case, the subject of her waking thought was presented in a dream. She was still struggling to loosen the perplexing knot, when her father appeared before her, with a sorrowful yet benign aspect, and called her attention to a simple principle, which, in her excitement and perplexity she had entirely overlooked—possibly because it *was* so simple—and she had, in some way come to expect an immense difficulty. In an instant the solution seemed written on her brain in characters of light. Nothing could be clearer. He was about turning away, when he came back, and bending over her a moment, kissed her cheek, saying with a strong emphasis, as he repeated the process: "Theodosia, be sure that you remember this; for you *must* go to the Louvre to-day." Thus saying he appeared to melt into the air.

Theodosia woke, or seemed to wake; and the morning light was shining fair abroad. She looked round the room eagerly, almost expecting to see her father, as she had just seen him, standing there; but his words recurred to her mind; and, O, joyful thought! with them she recalled the solution of the problem. Instantly rising, she found a scrap of paper, and fearing the precious revelation should escape, she made sure of it at once; and not a little were her enemies confounded, when it was presented, and found to be without a flaw.

There was no further excuse to be made; and though contrary to all previous practice, as the terms had been stated in the presence of the whole school, she must be indulged with a holiday.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE LOUVRE.

It seemed as if Theodosia really trod on air, as she went forth from what was truly to her a prison-house; and as this triumphant feeling subsided—for to her it *was* a triumph—and bravely won—those deep, solemn words came ringing in her ears: "You *must* go to the Louvre to-day!" She listened to their echo, as if with a half-roused and conscious soul, devoutly believing they meant something—yet wondering what.

It is impossible to describe her transport at the gems of art she saw. At first she seemed almost delirious, running from one picture to another, as if frantic with delight, wholly regardless of the "Pray, Mademoiselle, be decorous—pray, Mademoiselle, be composed!" of her vexed Duenna.

But at length a picture of the Holy Family absorbed her whole attention; and in contemplating it she grew calm. The exquisite joy that beamed in the sweet and placid countenance of the young Mother, sublimed by a faith which seemed to have caught in its expression a shadow of the future glory, almost made the picture luminous with its outbeaming light. With the simple and childlike reverence of her nature, Theodosia bowed down before it, not less in adoration of the divine Beauty it embodied, than of the Holy Mother; and with her clasped hands raised, she contemplated the picture through the streaming tears. She appeared unconscious of the crowds that surrounded her, and as much alone with the picture, as if she had found it in one of the fair solitudes of her own beautiful land. The charming *naivete*, as well as the devout worship of the lovely enthusiast, not less than the artistic appreciation she had, even in her wildness, before displayed, attracted the attention of two gentlemen—an elderly one, and a young man, who had entered the gallery together, just after our school party. It is scarcely strange that the latter should have been attracted, by a figure not less lovely and picturesque, than the picture itself.

From where he stood only the outline of her delicate form could be seen, with the fine head so devoutly turning upward, and the fair arms so worshipfully raised. With a very natural and pardonable desire

to see if the face, too, harmonized with all this beauty, he came round, appearing to look at a picture near by, on the same side.

There was something in the very echo of his step, light as it was, which arrested her ear. She turned. The Madonna, the crowded gallery, faded from her view. Years flew backward, as if on the wing of moments; and Theodosia, once more a simple-hearted Brazilian child, almost shrieking his name, sprang into the arms of Jozef.

Before the hawk-eyed Duenna, who, quieted by the apparent absorption of her charge, had been treating herself to a little gossip in another part of the room, could possibly interfere, Theodosia had given a rapid sketch of her late history, with the address of the school, notwithstanding the scene had attracted much attention, of which she seemed to be hardly aware. But in that brief period of time mischief was done to the evil-workers, which, with all their art, could not be undone—the word was spoken which could not be unsaid.

Then Theodosia was hurried off, and though rudely it might be, with the sudden illumination of that young love-light, her way could not be all dark, wherever it might lead to.

If Theodosia had been struck by the improved appearance of Jozef, he was no less so by the wonderful change in herself; for while she had lost nothing of the sweet frankness, and fairness of her childhood, the physical beauty of the woman, chastened as she had been by suffering, was exalted by an expression of all that is loveliest in hue and outline, all that is purest and tenderest in feeling, all that is deepest, and highest, in thought and character.

"Can it be possible," said Jozef, when the faculty of speech was once more restored to him, addressing his uncle; for his companion was no other than the relative of whom he had once spoken to Theodosia; "can it be that this is the little, careless, loving, laughing sylph, I left in Rio Janeiro? Ah, yes!" he added, as if replying to himself, "she is the same—there is but one Theodosia!"

"There *never is*," dryly remarked his uncle.

"O, how far lovelier than ever!" pursued Jozef, as if quite unconscious of the interruption, "how much—how infinitely exalted!"

As a natural consequence, the two young friends became wholly absorbed in the thought of each other—and that without meeting—almost without hoping to meet again, plighting their faith to each other, though but in idea, daily—and almost hourly.

It was evident from the hurried account of herself given by Theodosia, that she was to be made the victim of some foul play; and Mr. Grenville, the uncle of Jozef, called repeatedly at the school, in the Rue St. Honoré, hoping to gather some light on the subject, from an interview with Madame Montresse; while Jozef loitered in the Champs Elysses, near by. But the shrewd Madame, as if her instincts had assisted her by a kind of vulture-like apprehension of danger, was never at home. It was in vain that Jozef haunted the precincts, day and night. There were troops of fair young girls coming in and going out—but not the fairest; there were musical voices heard—but not the sweetest; there were bright eyes, and joyful looks, for other lovers, perchance—but not for him.

CHAPTER XV.—THE CONSPIRACY.

THEODOSIA, when she came to reflect, anticipated that the scene in the Louvre would be treated as a high misdemeanor; but she was mistaken. There was a deeper plot preparing for her ruin. Madame Montresse affected to treat the matter lightly, passing it over with a very gentle reprimand, and a great deal of excellent advice, in regard to matters of ceremony. She told Theodosia in the presence of all the scholars, who had been assembled expressly for the occasion, that there doubtless were cases when ordinary forms could not be very well preserved; that it was very proper we should be happy to see our friends; but there were some circumstances under which we should strive to repress our emotions; and all this with a great parade of lenity, out of which she doubtless expected to make capital, on some not very distant future occasion.

This unwonted forbearance quite overcame Theodosia, who had been prepared for rebuke and punishment; and in the warmth of her impulsive and unsuspecting nature, she threw herself into the arms of

Madame Montresse, sobbing, "O, that is so kind!—so much like my own dear Governess!"

It must be confessed that Madame was quite unprepared for this sally, and scarce knew how to escape from the awkward position in which she found herself; for she was, by no means, so hardened a sinner, as not to be affected by the truthful emotions of the young creature she was about to immolate on the shrine of Avarice. Though selfish and unprincipled, she was not wholly devoid of feeling; yet her policy was, in the present case, to preserve entire coolness. But no human heart could resist the touching appeal that thrilled in the accents of the lovely and thrice orphaned girl. She therefore returned Theodosia's embrace, with a light kiss on the forehead; and, under pretense of seeing something from the window, released herself, quickly as possible; for she was afraid to trust her heart, miserably selfish and cruel as it was.

Presently after she withdrew from the room, to digest and prepare a plan of ruin, better worthy a fiend from the deepest Inferno, than of any woman. She knew that a marriage, of all things, was most to be dreaded, as no constraint that could reach such a case, had been permitted by the will; and she clearly saw that Theodosia must be removed wholly beyond the reach of Jozef; for such an event, could the lovers come to an understanding, would almost certainly transpire. Pursuant with the above resolution, a few evenings after, a very curious and valuable antique medal was shown to the scholars, which she well knew would particularly attract the attention of Theodosia, who had a great taste for such relics, and had already made a considerable collection of antique and rare coins. She was not amiss in her calculation. The affair was said to be from Pompei, and being an exact likeness of Julius Cæsar, it might, if an original—which it was affirmed to be—lay claim to great antiquity. Theodosia hung over it in raptures, inquiring if it might not, on any terms be purchased.

"Ah, no!" returned Madame, "it was given to me by a dear, dear brother, now gone—indeed, he lost his life in obtaining this treasure, by a fall of a portion of the ruins, under which he was buried."

"Ah me! how sad!"

"How sorrowful!"

"How very sorrowful!" exclaimed one, and another; and the bright young creatures, who a moment before had been all vivacity, were touched with tenderest pity; and some of them wept to think of it; while Madame herself, carried away by the affecting character of the scene, actually shed a few drops—sacred to the memory of the brother she had probably invented expressly for the occasion.

The next day, to the astonishment and dismay of all, the young ladies, who had been summoned, as for some special occasion, heard it announced, by Madame, that her precious medallion was lost.

"Now, as a mere matter of form—just to show the servants—some one of whom has doubtless stolen it—and without the slightest idea that it will be found—the young ladies will all consent, I dare say, that their several rooms, and wardrobes, shall be searched"—suggested the wary, and conscientious Madame.

The keys were instantly produced, and tendered—all showing by their perfect willingness, and serenity of aspect, that they were innocent—all, except Theodosia, who, she could not tell how, or why, was strangely affected by this scene; and the circumstance was not unmarked by many who had been taught to suspect her. In the mean time Madame withdrew with one of the blandest smiles on her countenance, to show more clearly her good faith in her beloved pupils, attended by a formidable train of teachers, and a police officer; while the girls, in low tones, spoke together, canvassing the probabilities of the case.

In a few moments, steps were heard descending the stairs; and Theodosia's heart throbbed so she could scarcely support herself, partly from indignation at the general affront, and partly from an instinctive fear that a pit-fall was preparing for herself.

Madame Montresse entered; and every breath was hushed, as with well-feigned surprise and sorrow, she opened her hand, displaying to all eyes the identical lost treasure.

"Now," said she, "one of you is guilty. If you expect any mercy,

confess, without reserve!" As she spoke, she fastened her evil eyes on Theodosia, who, as might be expected, shook from head to foot, and turned deadly pale.

"You see I need not speak, to point out the guilty one;" she said. "She is her own accuser. Officer, do your duty."

And before the astonished and terrified girl could speak, the professional tap was given, and she was declared a prisoner.

(To be continued.)

HISTORY OF THE ARTS.

THE IRON AGE.

BY WILFRID WHIPPLE.

WHEN the sleeper woke, the people were gathered together by their families, the household of Lamech immediately surrounded him. With the first waking impulse he rose to his feet, and looked around, as if seeking some one, when immediately Tubal Cain, who had been concealed by the body of a palm, against which he leaned, sprang forward, and caught the tottering youth in his arms. The two forms, as they thus embraced each other, presented a remarkable contrast, both in lineament and character. That of Tubal Cain was massive, bold, and prominent, exhibiting the largest and noblest type of the physical man; while the mental faculties were expressed by a corresponding range and power. Strength, energy, truth, were impressed on every feature; while the fires of awakened but unappeased inventive genius, burned in his full dark eye. The other, frail, delicate, ethereal, of most exquisite proportions, and lighted by the most intense spiritual beauty seemed, like the fabled Huma, to hover in the world without touching it, or to have alighted by accident in a sphere to which he did not belong. Yet, in spite of the contrast, there was a wonderful sympathy between the two. As the extremes of a circle meet and harmonize, so the opposite characteristics of their natures met in the fullest unity.

The youth rested his head a moment on the shoulder of his kinsman, looking into his face with a pleased and happy expression; then he once more reclined, motioning to Tubal Cain to sit near. "Come close to me my brother," he said, "and let me grasp thy hand; for through thee I must obtain strength for that which is before me."

Being thus adjusted, and having paused for a few moments to collect his thoughts, he resumed. "Listen to me, all ye people; and Tubal Cain, thou son of Lamech, hear what I have to say. The dark clouds between the Present and the Future have been rolled away, as if a sun had arisen mightier than they, and had scattered them with its interior light. Look around. The cool wind blows refreshingly over the sea, thrilling among the acacia leaves, and bowing the palm tops, as it is wont to do. The corn is green in the valleys; the flocks and herds are ruminating in the pleasant shadow; birds and insects are singing gaily; and the blue outline of the Syrian mountains deepens in the distance. Nothing of all we see and hear, would seem to announce an unusual event; yet this day—this very hour—is the beginning of a new period in the history of man."

The people looked at him incredulously; and he continued. "Here is a talisman of greater power than ever has been, or ever will be known in the material world. It is very simple. Look at it." He raised, as he spoke, a small, dark gray stone. All who were near pressed forward for a view; and, at the same time, a murmur of disapprobation, and dissent ran among the crowd. It was but a lump of black earth. Nothing could be more common. The lame boy smiled again, with the sweet intelligence of a divine being, who pitied, while he felt himself superior to the ignorance of men.

But Tubal Cain hung on his words with breathless impatience. "Speak, my brother!" he cried, while his lips paled, and his eyes dilated with the intensity of interest. "Speak; for I, too, have dreamed of this substance, strange, beautiful, wondrous dreams of wealth and power. Fire—is it not so? Will not fire assist in the work?"

"Even as the leaves of the same mimosa, thrilling beneath the presence of the wind, are our souls, O, my brother, touched at once by the

same spirit;" responded the Lame Boy. "Listen to me; for great truths are to be unfolded. But I must not waste my little remaining breath in idle words. It is long since I have felt that there was some hidden virtue in this substance; for when I came here, where it abounds, I always slept most quietly, and most deeply. But yesterday, as soon as the bodily eyes had been withdrawn from the external light, the eyes of the soul were opened, and a central light was unfolded within myself, of which I had never before been fully sensible. Radiant lines issued forth penetrating the interior of things; and whatever they touched, lay with its profoundest principles, open to my view. The whole force of the illumination soon became concentrated in this substance, and I perceived in it wonderful properties. It is spread over the whole earth; and because it is to be refined with fire, I have called it urron.

"Softened by the power of heat, I saw that it became plastic as clay, and could be welded into implements of various forms, ever approximating to more perfect results. I beheld again; and lo! sharp instruments were fashioned. These in the hands of the strong man, smote the old trees, until they lay prostrate before their new foe. Again, the trees were divided by other instruments into plane surfaces, and wrought into the habitations of man, and a thousand useful and beautiful forms. Again, strong bolts were formed, which bound the works together, with a firmness and durability never known before. In short, I perceived that every mode of industry which gives comfort, or true greatness to a people, and every art which adorns life, is to receive a new impetus from this wonderful power.

"It was given me to see very far into the depths of the Future. I beheld the generations come and go, like changing moons, while every succeeding one inherited all that its predecessors had acquired, and again contributed to the advancement of its successor. Thus I saw that the stock of human knowledge was forever accumulating. The habitations of men clustered on the shore of sea and river, like the nests of the weaving bird on yon acacia tree. Thus brought together, by their combined skill and labor they grew more cunning in invention—more excellent in art.

"Vessels of the most graceful and majestic forms, yet often much larger than the present habitations of men, spread their white wings, and went forth, like great sea-birds, over the deep waters. The old stubbornness of rocks yielded to the power of urron; and from their chaotic recesses came forth temples and shrines, of wondrous beauty, with long arcades opening into each other, like the alleys of the forest, and supported by columns symmetrical as the stately palm, and adorned with delicate tracery of lotus and acanthus flowers, with leaves, clusters, and tendrils of the graceful vine. My soul was enchanted with all this beauty. Forms which had slumbered for ages in the cold marble, awakened, and warmed into life by the divine power of Art, exhibited every shade of human character, thought, sentiment, and passion. Earth, sea, and air, with all their elements, and all their forces, became the obedient ministers of human will; and even the lightnings of Heaven were summoned from the clouds, and fell, disarmed, at the feet of this all-subduing power.

"But I am not permitted to speak further of these things; and more concerning them would not be either profitable, or possible, for you to conceive. In showing you that on the discovery of this age, and this hour, rests the basis of all future greatness, I give you the strongest inducement to achieve something worthy of the name of man. But expect not to attain sudden perfection. Whatever is most excellent is slow of growth. The mushroom springs up in a single night; but the palm and the cedar reach their full height, only through centuries. Important works are not, at first, revealed to the soul in their full magnitude; but their proportions must be gradually developed, touch by touch, and thought by thought. The soul must breathe on them, like the Spirit of God on the flowers; and then they will have their true growth, and ultimately attain their highest perfection—though, in the process, ages may pass away.

"Tubal Cain, thou son of Lamech, unto thy hand is committed the great truth of this age, and the hope and strength of all the Future. In thy soul, even at this moment, is expanding the germ of events,

hitherto unparalleled in the history of man ; and thou, in return, shalt meet the common reward of the benefactors of their race. Yet fear not, my brother ; for the great soul that is in thee, was not made for thyself alone, but for all thy kind—for all the Present—and for all the Future. Let this thought, which shall bring thee into companionship with the highest angels, nerve and sustain thee in every trial. The idea of all thou wilt do, is, even now, burning in thine eyes, and glowing on thy cheek. Retire to ponder on thy mission. Concentrate all thy energies on the thoughts which are now unfolding ; for behold, the angels of God have ordained thee to be the first worker in urron. All the coming generations of men shall bless thee ; and thy name shall be remembered through all time. But now I must bid thee farewell."

The *Lame Boy* stretched forth his arms ; and the strong frame of Tubal Cain, convulsed with agitation, was bowed down to the ground, as he knelt beside the fragile form of his young kinsman. He embraced him with many blessings, and bowed his head on his neck, and wept. Then he arose, and went his way, followed by throngs of the people, who also withdrew.

The widow bore her son to his tent, and laid him on his bed in the coolest shadow. For several hours the soul hovered in light breathings on his pale and quivering lips ; and then, with a sweet smile, as of inaudible blessing, it took wing, and was translated to a higher sphere. The last earthly tie which bound the widow to life was now severed ; and very soon she lay down, to sleep the sleep of death, beside her child.

In the mean time Tubal Cain had retired to the solitude of a distant cavern, to begin the work to which he had been called ; and then, after many experiments, he erected the first forge, and commenced the processes of analyzing and refining the metal. Very soon he had formed several rude instruments for mechanical purposes, and for tillage. But though the advantages gained by these means were obvious to all, yet, strange to say, the people hardly ventured to make an application of their forces, so intolerable was the fear which they had associated with their inventor.

Tubal Cain soon found himself forsaken—utterly forsaken. The mysterious commission he had received, had at first impressed that superstitious people with a kind of awe ; and this feeling was, doubtless, mingled with a blind hatred, and malicious envy, at the distinction which had been conferred on him. His subsequent appearance and actions, tended to heighten, rather than allay the feeling. The deep gloom of his subterranean abode, illuminated as it was, day and night, with lurid light of his forge—the hollow echoes which his seldom resting anvil woke in those hitherto voiceless regions, were alive, with new terrors. Shepherd boys made wide circuits, rather than pass by the cave of Tubal Cain ; and even strong men durst not approach it after nightfall. His name was muttered with compressed lips, as if it were an evil invocation ; and stubborn children were frightened into obedience by its repetition. So true it is that the greatest benefactors of mankind, as they who transcend the measure and spirit of their age, are held in disgrace, and treated as aliens.

But Tubal Cain wrought on ; and when some persons, more courageous than their fellows, ventured to take a peep into this abode of evil magic as it was believed to be, they beheld the gigantic form of the primal Artizan bending over his work, with wild bright eyes, and his dark features, made still more dark by his labor, glowing with unearthly luster in the crimson firelight. When they saw him strike heavy blows with an unknown instrument, on the red hot iron, they thought that he held some evil demon in bondage, and was thus forcing from him his diabolical secrets ; and when at the blows clustering sparks came forth, they supposed them caused by the anger and distress of the tortured fiend. They ran and told the people ; and nothing, perhaps, but the memory of the *Lame Boy*, whose divine life, and serene death, had bequeathed a savor of love to all, redeemed Tubal Cain from the martyr's crown.

But at last one young man, who had, by accident, discovered the truly noble nature of the forsaken one, came to be his pupil ; and through him the improvements were transmitted and perpetuated. Thus long years went by ; and Tubal Cain was an old man ; yet still

he dwelt in the solitary depths of the cave ; and still he wrought, with undiminished fervor.

After a time the figure of the Artizan was not seen in his accustomed haunts. The cave was dark ; and his pupil being absent, no one dared to enter its mysterious depths. But when after several successive days he came not forth, the people were aroused to such a degree, that a party composed of the boldest volunteered to investigate the matter.

They gathered in silence round the mouth of the cave. They stooped down, and looked in ; when lo ! a feeble light issued forth ; and they beheld a scene that seared itself, with a horrible accusation, into their eternal memory. The figure of Tubal Cain, seeming more gigantic in its ghastliness, came staggering forward, from a dark recess where it had reposed. He approached the forge where with much effort, he had partially rekindled the fire. Every muscle, every nerve, seemed strained to its last and utmost tension. The compressed lips quivered and were drawn back in his agony, so as to show the large white teeth. Heavy drops of sweat stood on his corded brow. He held a strange implement in one hand—with the other he raised the hammer—but a little way—and then it fell—of its own weight. The whole form collapsed with a single shudder ; and Tubal Cain reclined against the projecting side of the cave—and all that could die of him was dead. He yet held, in the strong grasp of death, an invaluable legacy to his race—the *ax*, which, with his last effort, he had struggled to complete.

There was an instantaneous reaction of feeling in the observers. They no longer feared him. They feared only the Conscience, that told them he had died of neglect and starvation—died in the very act of a practical blessing to them, and all posterity.

A cry of mingled terror and remorse, smote the still air, and roused the dismal echoes, through all the arched vaults below. Their hatred and envy died with its subject ; and they lavished the most extravagant praises on his memory. His body received divine honors ; his grave was made a holy shrine. His few words were cherished, as sacred utterances, and embalmed in their hearts forever.

It is not strange that out of these facts grew the mythic legend of Vulcan, and his forge beneath the burning mountain. The story was carried with the literature of Phœnicia into Europe, and thus incorporated with the mythology of Greece and Rome.

Poor Tubal Cain ! When thy great heart yearned for sympathy, for some brother heart to throb against—when thy soul fainted in the great Life Desert, how would they have leaped for joy at a single word of kindness—one simple look of recognition, or encouragement ! But thou wert above the range of all fellowship—all comprehension—and the honors that were lavished on thy grave came too late. A crust of bread, a root, or a draught of water might have saved thee ; but they were denied. Thine was the unenviable fate of Genius—to be neglected and misunderstood in life—and deified in death.

Original.

SPRING SHADOWS.

BY ANNETTE BISHOP.

'Tis spring-time now
And yet, my native vale—my dear old home—
The warm south winds that to thy bare hills come,
Breathe not upon my brow !

Thy mountain streams !—
With what tumultuous music wildly swell
Their waters, hurrying from some shadowed dell,
To croon in soft sun-beams !

In the fresh woods
The spring hath strewn a thousand beauteous things,
And their deep glooms are cleft by glittering wings
And sweet with opening buds.

I am not there
To gather spring-green mosses, or to shake
The bright dust from the alders, or to make
Green garlands for my hair !

I may not see
Thy shad-trees' glories, or the orchard's bloom,
Or hear o'er fragrant clover-beds the boom
Of the glad humble-bee!

Oh, sisters mine,
When through those scented aisles of dear old trees,
Ye seek the wild flowers with the roaming bees,
For me a garland twine.

Where the lone spring
Comes from the hillside, gather the long ferns,
And pale oat-bells, and the white star that turns
To sunbeams wandering.

And when ye twine
The fresh wreath, think of me, and sing the lays
Whose plaintive music is attuned always
With the low-moaning pine!

I can not sing
A song of welcome to the May-time here,
Shut out from all that I have held most dear—
I can not feel the spring!

Original.

THE DEPARTING SPIRIT.

"Upon those pallid lips!
So sweet even in their silence, on those eyes
That image sleep in death, let no tear
Be shed—not even in thought."—SUKLEY.

WEEP not for her—weep not that she is passing
Through death's dark vale to her bright home above;
Send back thy tears—beneath the sunbeams basking
Soon will her spirit bathe itself in love.

She hath been weary here. She hath known sorrow—
Not transient sorrow, but a deep despair—
Ah! would'st thou keep her, when a bright to-morrow
Will from her soul efface each withering care?

True thou hast loved her—oh! how well, how dearly!
None but thy heart itself alone may know—
The one prized friend, not for thy bright hours merely,
But tried and true when grief's deep fountains flow.

And thou wilt miss her: and each passing hour
Will seem more dreary when her smile hath gone;
From every scene, from every tree and flower,
When she hath fled, the glory will be shorn.

But think not though for her the veil is lifted,
The lovelier things of that fair life to learn,
Each hour to grow more spiritually gifted,
That she will leave thee, never to return.

No; often in thy silent hours and lonely
Some blessed influence o'er thy soul shall steal—
Some shadowy presence, which thy spirit only,
With its deep inner sense, shall know and feel.

Some bright immortal link which ne'er shall sever,
And still communion growing still more deep,
And holy hopes, and dreams which love forever
Within its urn shall in sweet silence keep.

Then weep no more—tears ill befit the hour
Which heraldeth for her a fairer morn;
Night's shadows lessen—and with kindly power
Day smiles upon the spirit newly born.

META.

To a Friend with a Watch-guard.

I've wrought for thee a silken chain,
And thus I fling it round thee;
Go, now, and be as free again
As if no tie had bound thee.
May colder, heavier chain than this
Oppress thy spirit never;
But may'st thou wear, with heart-felt bliss,
Love's silken chain forever.

Summary of Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

MEXICO.—A revolution broke out at Vera Cruz, on the 17th ult. in consequence of an order from the Government to incorporate the Nationals with the troops of the line. The difficulty lasted three days, and was finally ended by the arrival of a large body of regular troops from Jalapa. About fifty of the National Guards were killed.

Santa Ana has issued many arbitrary decrees, by which legislative authority of all kinds in the Republic is suspended; the offices of Governor and military Commandant are united in one person; all private citizens are disarmed; the telegraph is under the control of the government, &c. All the Mexican officers who surrendered as prisoners of war to General Scott, are degraded from their rank, and dismissed from all civil employment.

THE editor of *The Catholic Mirror* says he has received authentic information that Patrick O'Donohue, and another one of the Irish exiles, had escaped from Van Dieman's Land, and will shortly arrive at one of our Atlantic ports. Their manner of escape is not known, but it is probable they got on board of some American ship trading to Australia.

M OSCAR LAFAYETTE the grandson and representative of the family of General Marquis de Lafayette, has been deprived of his commission, in consequence of refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the Emperor of France, required from him as a captain of artillery.

DISPATCHES from Cape Coast Capital, West Africa, state that the slave trade is reviving; and that the Ashantees had been plundering the frontier towns.

TURKEY has yielded to the menaces of Russia and Austria, and resolved to expel all political refugees, some of whom have already been so treated.

THE French Government has reestablished the death penalty for political crimes.

THE Chinese rebellion is advancing so rapidly that the Emperor asks assistance from Great Britain.

DOMESTIC.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—This building drags its slow length along. We don't know who is to blame, or what the matter is, but the fact is, that the Palace is not yet open, or likely to be for some time to come. In the meantime consignments of foreign goods are arriving every day, and domestic wares are being sent forward. What is to be done with these goods? The Crystal Palace will not hold half of them, even after it is finished. We were told a few days ago, that one single branch of American industry had applied for more room than the whole building will afford.—*Sunday Dispatch*.

THE Santa Clara Register says that ten vessels are being prepared in the harbor of San Francisco for the transportation of men and munitions of war for the Sonora expedition, and that a portion of these vessels are being pierced for guns. It further says that the expedition will consist of fifteen hundred men and three hundred horses, and that it will be ready to sail in a very short time.

WE are gratified to learn that all but two of the passengers on board the ship William and Mary, recently wrecked off the Great Isaacs, have been saved. They were rescued by a wrecking schooner, while the ship was drifting, just before she sunk.

THE affray between the seamen of the San Giovanni and certain Italian residents has been settled without trial; the Captain of the frigate having, through the District Attorney, made ample apology for the conduct of his men.

THE new stamp envelopes, to be issued by the Government, are expected to be ready for use about the first of July. The price is \$3.20 per hundred.

ON the 21st inst., the Congregational Church at Lockport, was struck by lightning during afternoon service, and one person was killed, and six seriously injured.

PHENOMENAL.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Spiritual Telegraph* says:—"During the latter years of the life of a celebrated literary countess, at whose charming residence in the neighborhood of London, the present Emperor of France was in the habit of visiting, circles were occasionally formed at her evening receptions, for the purpose of investigating certain extraordinary phenomena of a Spiritual character, which had been developed through the media of inanimate substances. Louis Napoleon was an eager attendant at those soirees, and is now almost the only one who survives of all that took a part in them."

The *Chicago Daily Tribune*, of the 17th inst., says that at noon the day previous there was a sudden and very evident change in the atmosphere, which brought an overcoat into immediate requisition. About the same time an extraordinary rise was observed in the Lake. There was no great amount of wind at the time, and the Lake was as calm as usual. It began, however, to swell and flow precisely like an ocean tide, each rise occupying fully fifteen or twenty minutes; then the Lake receded and rose again to a higher point than before, till the water was about three feet above the ordinary mark. Then followed, outside, a very heavy swell, and there was every appearance that the northern part of the Lake had been visited with a tremendous hurricane.

CHERRIES without stones have been produced in France by the following method: In the spring, before the circulation of the sap, a young seedling cherry tree is split from the upper extremity down to the fork of its roots; then by means of a piece of wood in the form of a spatula, the pith is carefully removed from the tree, in such a manner as to avoid any excoriation, or other injury; a knife is used only for commencing the split. Afterwards the two sections are brought together and tied with woolen, care being taken to close hermetically with clay the whole length of the cleft. The sap soon reunites the separated portions of the tree, and two years afterwards, cherries are produced of the usual appearance, but, instead of stones, there will only be small soft pellicles.

THE deadly character of the gas escaping from a charcoal fire is well known. An example of this is shown in the following from *The Cincinnati Gazette*. Persons can not be too careful when burning the above coal. *The Gazette* says, that on Saturday afternoon, while a young man on Walnut-st., was employed in kindling a charcoal fire, he was seen to give a sudden leap, and then fall forward as if dead. He was immediately picked up by some men who were passing at the time. He soon recovered, and when asked what was the matter with him, he replied that his head and face felt badly, and he supposed somebody had knocked him down. While kindling the fire he had been inhaling the fumes of the charcoal, which, notwithstanding the fire was out of doors, produced this unnatural and powerful effect.

PETRIFIED MAN.—The Morris (Ill.) *Yeoman* states, that not long since, while some men were digging in a coal bank, near the canal, they exhumed the body of a man in a perfect state of petrification. From the the corduroy cloth in which the legs were encased, the cords and seams of which are perfectly defined, it is supposed to be the body of one of the Irish laborers engaged in the construction of the canal. The limbs are nearly perfect, and are completely transformed to stone.

[We wonder if Irishmen were employed in this country to construct canals previous to the coal formation?]

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